

JERSEY BEAT

Issue 15

FREE
MAY-
JUNE
'84

YIA

BAM!

BURNT



U.S.
CHAOS!

BODIES IN PANIC

POW!

pleased
youth

Our
Hardcore
Issue!

MOURNING
NOISE

ADRENALIN
H.O.D.

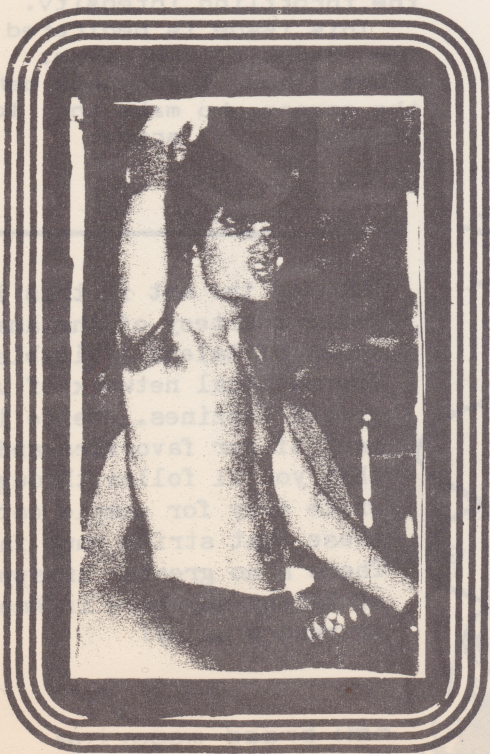
THE WORST

MUTHA



FATAL RAGE

MAJOR CONFLICT



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THANKS TO ALL THE BANDS,
MOURNING NOISE, YOUNG
TURKS, BOB FROM THE COURT,
JIM FROM FLAMIN' GROOVIES,
ALL THE ADVERTISERS,
DARLENE, SALLY FROM PRB,
MARK THE MUTHA, & ANYBODY
ELSE WHO PITCHED IN.

by Bruce Gallanter

At last count, I've made note of about 60 local hardcore bands, past & present. A phenomenon is truly building, not waning as most think. The Jersey hardcore scene is extremely diverse - every band I've heard has approached the music differently, and all have been exciting.

There's a sense of community and friendship among hardcores: bands often swap members and form offshoot groups. Gigs almost always have low covers and usually offer 3 to 5 bands on a bill. Recently, more clubs than ever have been receptive to the scene - the Dirt Club, Court Tavern, Patrix, the Showplace, and the Brighton Bar have all been booking regular h-c shows, with the Jetty, Maxwells, and the Union Jack occasionally joining in. The drinking age has been a problem; many fans - and many in the bands - are underage. All-ages matinees and venues like colleges and high-schools are some ways to get around that problem.

Local college radio (WFMU, WFDU, WRSU, WKNJ, WNYU, and WPRB, to name a few) supports hardcore; special mention goes to Pat Duncan's Thursday night (6-9 pm) show on WFMU. Now 3 years old, Duncan's show boosts locals gigs, broadcasts records and demo cassettes by local bands, and Duncan often helps bands with bookings.

Locally produced independent records have never been in short supply and a new deluge is on the way: Mental Decay, Cyanamid, Scornflakes, US Chaos, Adrenalin OD, Kraut, the Stisism Band, Brunfuss, and Genocide all plan releases soon.

What attracted me to hardcore was the much overlooked diversity of the scene. The term 'hardcore' is not a finite one; it means many different things - the balance of humor and seriousness, of control and letting go, and the throttling intensity.

This issue is dedicated to the bands, the fans, the clubs, and the people behind the scenes who make the local hardcore scene go.

Much of the art in this issue comes courtesy of the amazing array of talent available through the national network of underground fanzines. We've listed many of our favorites and hope that you'll follow through and write away for sample copies of those that strike your fancy. There's no greater untapped pool of talent anywhere in America, so read & enjoy!

new breed magazine
charlotte, n.c.



U.S. CHAOS:

PUNK FUN



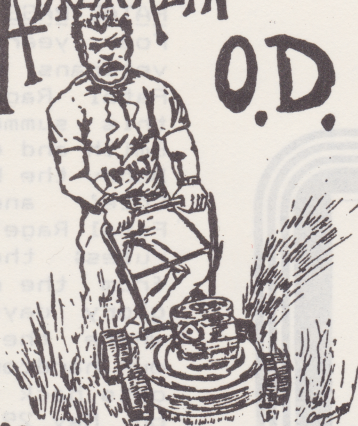
U.S. CHAOS

U.S. Chaos has been around about a year and have attracted quite a large following. The band pokes fun at the seriousness and sometimes stifling formula that many h-c bands adhere to; as a result, these guys are not well liked by many hardcore punks. U.S. Chaos is basically into partying - beer and tattoos, crazy for-the-fun-of-it, they leave the politics to others.

The band's music is simple but real direct: A mixture of A-N-L, Sex Pistols, and Stooges. Strong, but vacuous, but who cares? Certainly not their fans. The look: Lots of skull & crossbones insignias, and the lead singer has one of the strangest blonde mohawks I've ever seen. Lyrics are tongue in cheek, full of macho swagger and mock patriotic posturing. "Going To The Swamp," one of their best songs, is thick 'n quicksand-like, sort of Cramps-ish. Obnoxious but fun. Your move.

- B.G.

ADRENALIN O.D.



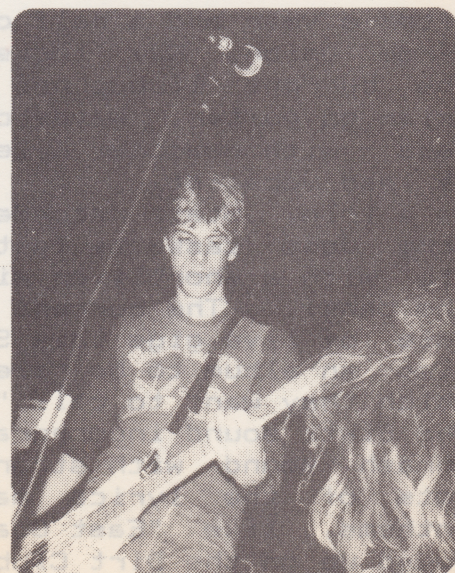
MOWING THE GARDEN STATE

ADRENALIN OD/FARTHEADS/DEATHRAGE

Adrenalin OD is among the founding fathers of NJ hardcore, formed in 1981 from the remains of the East Paterson Boys Choir. Suburbicide, also from Union County and the Clifton area, formed about the same time, and together the two bands laid much of the groundwork for today's suburban hardcore scene. AOD's excellent ep of last year recently sold out its first 1000 copies and their ambitious label, Buy Our Records, has released an lp by Bedlam and a 7" 45 by My 3 Sons, with a 45 by Mental Decay, an lp by AOD, and a 7" by Sacred Denial, soon to follow. A NJ h-c compilation is also in the works, as is a California tour this summer by AOD and Bedlam. Not bad.

The Fartheads are an extension of AOD and a complete goof. The lineup includes AOD's Bruce on vocals, Paul on guitar, Tommy K of Deathrage on guitar, and the AOD rhythm section of Jack on bass and Dave on drums. They rarely play out and when they do the songs are jokey, with lots of thrash-ed tv themes.

Deathrage, despite the name, is another joke band spinoff. Most of the personnel from the Fartheads join in here, just changing instruments, with Bill Weedo of Mental Decay on vocals. Not really hardcore, Deathrage is slowed down, progressive heavy metal. Effective throbbing fuzz guitar, and Bill's mean voice adds odd meaning to the oft-silly lyrics. You can hear their "Murdering The Brady Brunch" on Pat Duncan's WFMU show.



WARNING
Anchorage, AK

THE WORST

The Worst's first appearance goes back to May 1, 1977 at Max's Kansas City, which makes them of the few pre-hardcore punk bands still around. On the local scene, the band has opened for everyone from the Bad Brains and the Blessed to the Dictators, the Stranglers, and the Circle Jerks.

The band has an out-of-print 7" e.p. and a more recent lp on Mutha Records.

The Worst, "Expect the Worst," lp. Mutha Records, PO Box 416, W. Long Branch, NJ 07764 (\$6)

THE BURNT

Four years ago, the 4 members of the Burnt decided to start a band for fun: Dog (vocals), Reno (drums), BT (guitar) and Pit (bass) found that working by day and keeping the band a hobby insured that the band would continue despite the discouraging attitude of local clubs.

The Burnt's fans enjoy the stage antics of lead singer Dog and the good-time, fun rock the band puts across. Now aged 25-26, the band's new lease on life is credited to Mark Chesley at Mutha Records, who helped arrange for release of the band's 7" e.p.; an lp is planned soon. The Burnt hail from Midland Park, NJ and say, "Sticking to your guns is all you can do - if it wasn't for our band we simply would not be in a band!"

The Burnt/"The MP E.P.", 47 Myrtle Ave., Midland Park, NJ 07432 (\$2.50).



MORE FROM MUTHA

FATAL RAGE

Four years old and grizzled old veterans of the shorecore scene, Fatal Rage plan to come back strong this summer with new members Craig Smith and ex-Chronic Sick guitarist Bobby the K. Original members Steve Cote' and Jack Monahan continue Fatal Rage's tradition of fast, loud rules; these guys have seen it all, from the Asbury Brucelones to the glory days of the Hot Dog House, where the shore bands put on their own hardcore gigs for a time. Craig gets back from college on May 15 and on May 29 - Jacko's 33rd birthday - the band hits the Brighton Bar for what they hope to be the first of lots of Summer '84 gigs. "I hope there's lots more where that one came from," says Jacko, "so we can carry on with our bad selves, become real popular, and rich like rock stars."

MUTHA RECORDS

Among the new releases due soon from the Jersey shorecore's preeminent label are a second lp by those psychedelic mindbenders Secret Syde; lp's by the punk Wild Hairs; the rockabilly BMT's; Brunfuss, and the Burnt; and e.p.'s by Cyanamid and the Sticism Band. For info on the label or to order (e.p.'s are \$3, lp's \$6) write Mark "the Mutha" Chesley, Mutha Records, PO Box 416, W. Long Branch, NJ 07764.

After a year and a half of false starts, Stetz (from Union, NJ) looks to be on their way. The current lineup has the original trio - Brian on guitar, Wayne on drums, and Frank on bass - with newcomer Kyle (ex-Bodies In Panic) as lead vocalist.

As a trio, Stetz recorded their infamous 22-song demo cassette last year and played one gig with a shortlived singer (who soon left the band). The current lineup not only plans lots of live gigs this Spring and Summer but also an album to be released later this year, which they want to call "Nowhere To Bowl."

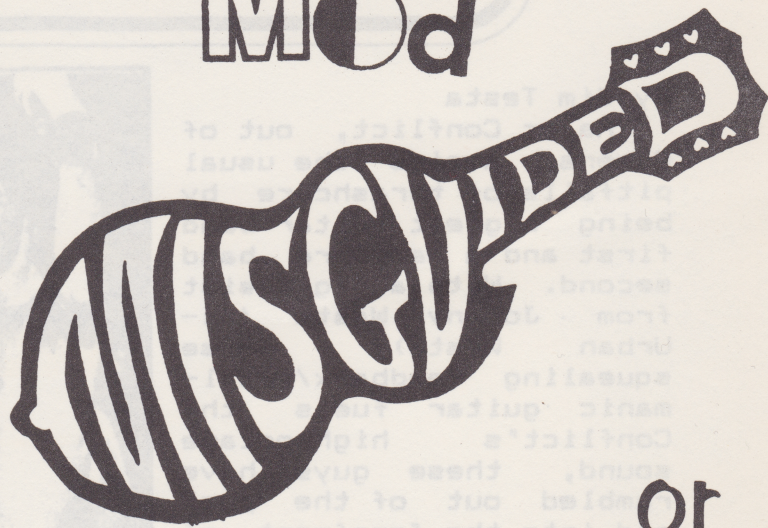
The Stetz sound incorporates the usual Jersey thrash sound with strong melodic rocktunes; lots of the lyrics make for catchy punk anthems, like "East Coast Slammers" (which wound up on the Dirt Club hardcore comp lp).





PUNK

Mod



or POP?

by Mick London

I've heard that the Misguided used to be quite a thrash, bash, and slash hardcore band. Well, regardless of what they were - now, they're just GREAT! Energy up full, all the way on. They must jam with Pete Shelley in Paul Weller's garage! The Misguided, who come from Queens, list the Buzzcocks, the Jam, the Beatles, and the Who as their biggest influences. You might note that all of those bands had hair on their heads and one was a Mod band (well...Paul W. is a mod). Where was I? Oh yeah, the garage. Misguided rule.

While "Alex Drops Out," the band's new cassette (following two independent singles), is raw and driving, it's too melodic and garage to be hardcore; more like garage-punk & roll. "Cats In Heat," the first song, is punk-surf, what with drummer Lyle Hysen mod-Mooning away and the neat little guitar riffs that carry the song through. My other favourite song on the tape has an up-tempo psyche-garage sound and it's called "I See You." FAB! This song goes good with Lyle's paisley shirts. I hope they stay where they are, wherever-the-mod that is. If the Misguided's hardcore fans decide to follow them, that would be good for the Misguided and better for the H.C.'s - maybe they'd learn something about cool. I was giving out my fanzine (Start!) and asked a kid with one slice of hair down the middle of his head if he wanted a copy. He looked at me and the scooter on the cover and (quite proudly) said "No!" Well, I saw him the next night (at a mod bands gig) and he asked me for a copy! Some things change...and always remain the same!

Mick London is editor of Start! fanzine and a member of Mod Fun.

MAJOR CONFLICT

by Jim Testa

Major Conflict, out of Queens, avoids the usual pitfalls of thrashcore by being a great guitar band first and a hardcore band second. With a big assist from Johnny Waste (ex-Urban Waste), whose squealing feedback/metal-mantic guitar fuels the Conflict's high-octane sound, these guys have rumbled out of the pack and into the forefront of the local punk scene.

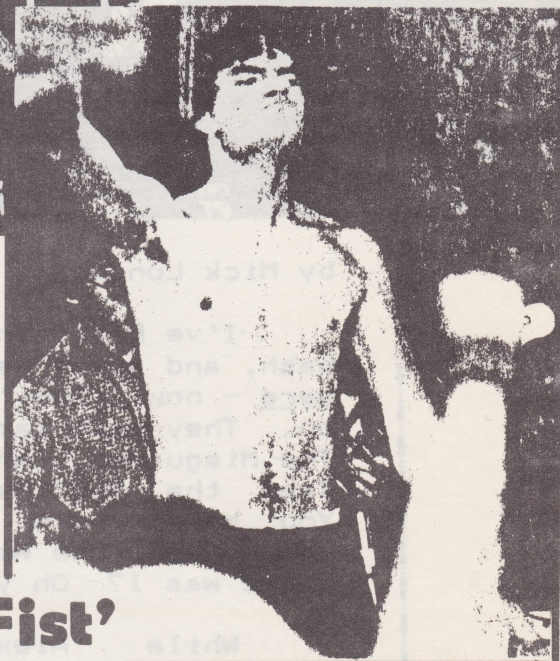
Billy Phillips provides the focus on stage as the group's hyper-animated, bare-chested frontman - part cheerleader, part dancer, part acrobatic Son-of-Iggy. Phillips can whip an audience into a frenzy faster'n you can say 'Jello Biafra.'

Every good hardcore band has a great drummer - Major Conflict has John Dancy. Nick Car on bass and Dito on guitar fill out MajCon's booming wall-of-noise sound.

Thrash bands too often depend on volume and emotion over melody and musicianship, but Major Conflict delivers on all counts. "Central Park Slaying" has a pop-song hook that's catchier than anything on REM's new lp, and "Dirty Sneakers" - with its chanted chorus of "We're gonna riot tonight!" - is the strongest, catchiest hardcore anthem since Kraut's "Don't Believe."

Their debut single on Silent Scream Records kicks off with a short instrumental, then slams into "Outgroup," one of those be-your-own-hero theme songs in the Minor Threat mold: "All the people are the same/so raise your pride, and show no shame." Their motto, says guitarist Dito, is, "We believe in unity with an iron fist."

'UNITY with



an Iron Fist'

"How Do Ya Feel"/"Outgroup" b/w "Not Just A Song"
Major Conflict/24-07 31st Street, Astoria, NY 11102 (\$2.00)

YIA

YOUTH IN ASIA

"We formed because we were sick of constant boredom and apathy in our area," says guitarist Jim Shankar of Youth In Asia, a high-school aged quintet from Rutherford. "We all live near the polluted Passaic River and former Royce Chemical site so we've all been appropriately poisoned."

"The Royce Chemical Tapes," the band's demo, was recorded last February. Definitely not thrash, I hear some Ramones in their power chord sound 'n speed and some Kraut in slower places. Vocalist John Heatter reminds me of Jonathan Richman at times. Guitar intros usually explode and are much louder than the rest of the tune. "Spit Out The Bones" has an incredibly mean wah-wah guitar. YIA includes James Pagan (guitar), Tom Candela (bass), and Joe Naviello (drums). Contact J. Shankar for a demo tape at 20 Monona Ave., Rutherford NJ 07070.

- Bruce Gallanter

Bodies In Panic

BODIES IN PANIC

This band's demo is totally nuts: Frenzied thrash with some metal/dirge-like wailing. Kyle Eaves' vocals sound like he gargles with Drano. Mucho wall-of-noise guitar theatrics from Gavin McNett, with lotsa note strangling and rubbing the pick up & down the strings as abrasive punctuation. Some great intro football-like chanting and thunderous drum work from Greg Walker. "I Love Violence" shows superb slow suspenseful spooky warpo weirdness. Mickey Pek is on guitar and Ken Tarbous on bass, but drummer Greg recently split to join Pleased Youth and the band is currently in limbo.

- B.G.

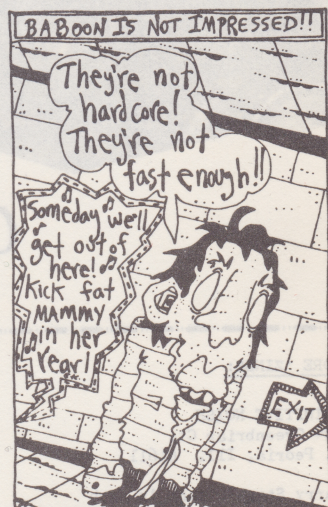
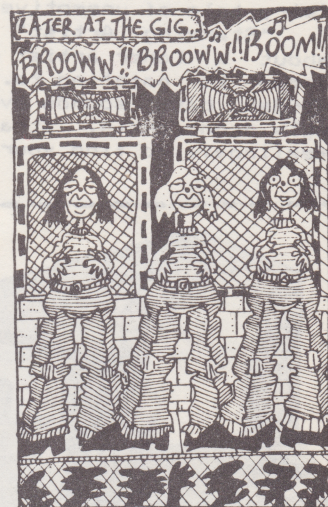
Pleased Youth

PLEASED YOUTH

Better than most, and just a few months old, Pleased Youth have a healthy, positive, straight-edge attitude. Even tho their current lineup includes a skinhead and a mohawk, the other 3 PY's make a concerted effort to look very normal, quite un-punk. You can hear their upbeat outlook expressed on "Everybody, I Love You," a pop hardcore song.

Musically, Pleased Youth are tighter, more refined than most h-c bands, with well-constructed songs and memorable melodies. Much of the band's magic is due to the special balance/force of their two-guitar lineup of Doug Visdom and Paul Decolator. This duo kick off several songs in a perfectly controlled double-guitar feedback drone, driving with hurricane force. They've gone beyond the usual h-c formula - songs that are anthem-like but powerfully hypnotic as well. The band includes Andy Skouran (bass), Greg Walker (ex-Bodies In Panic) on drums, and vocalist Dave (Scott) Schwartzmann, who also drums for Adrenalin OD. The group currently plans to record a demo and put together a summer tour.

- Bruce Gallanter



©82 J. Crawford (But it wuz Joels idea)



"In The Beginning"/"Starving Artist"
My Three Sons/Buy Our Records
PO Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ (\$2.50)

Mostly a solid noise band, My 3 Sons play feedback drenched sets which confound/alienate/annoy the unsuspecting. The 3 male members once worked as Black Sambo with a female vocalist.

"In The Beginning" - The slow lull of soft vacuum cleaner rumble and hazy chimes joins synthesized background mumbling and unforced, vague drums. A disconcerting slightly detached voice tells a sparse fairy tale of unemotive detached sentiments.

"Starving Artist" - A cool existential nightmare about a loner artist who wants no one and lives from dream to painting to... The soundscape consists of hidden bass sounds over minimal drums, an unchanging ugly drone/drain, straight ahead, on and on and on...No feelings...so find your own.

-B.G.

My 3 SONS

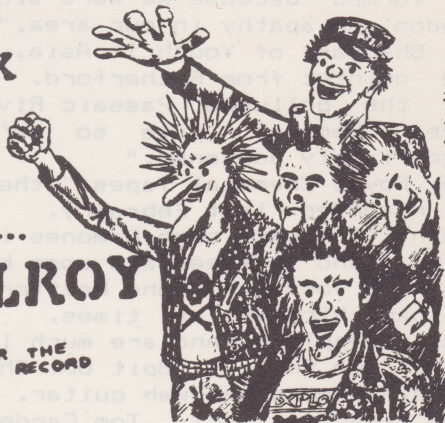
LOOK

WHO'S
HERE!

IT'S...

KILLROY

WATCH FOR THE
UPCOMING RECORD



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
WRITE: KILLROY & THE GUYS
5225 CONNERIO AVE.
WOODLAND HILLS CA
91364



CYANAMID

CYANAMID

What hath Flipper wrought? Actually, the answer is offspring who are more interesting and varied in content yet equally spirited and threatening. Cyanamid is scary musically, lyrically more down to earth. Only a handful of elements filter into their songs but all are utilized fully. At the Court Tavern recently, their sludge mind-warping cosmic jello type tunes made me submit totally. Incredibly loose, but focused at the same time, melting the molten mass of guitar-noise with a primitive rhythmic grip, Cyanamid's music rises up to blasting thrash speed.

The band is visually diverse as well, with a somber heavy-metal leatherclad lead guitarist striking sonic terror, to a short, bug-eyed bassist whose fretless ax wielded hypnotic thick throbbing fury. The drummer, a large weird hippie-type, and a lumberjack-sized kid lead squawker/crazy character named Dan complete the unit.

The band's most popular piece is called "Stop The World I Wanna Get Off," a fully captivating, tour de force, bathing our vision with strobe light slow motion, as Dan rolls on the floor and then stalks the room howling...the force of the band slowing down, then speeding up like a train gone haywire, a ride you can't get off.... AAAHHHHHHH! Two singles due soon.

- B.G.

MORE 'ZINES:

PRIMITIVE NOISE
104 Greenbriar Ct.
E. Peoria, Ill. 61611

Barry Stepe's punk 'n such is a broadsheet folded over into a 8-pg fanzine. Lots of fun - even his kid brother gets to write a column! 25¢

MALICE
PO Box 241022
Memphis, TN 38124
Small format hardcore 'zine from the heart of c&w country, lots of news about the locals.

SOUNDZINE
c/o Plan 9 Records
3002 W. Cary St.
Richmond, VA 23221

The latest issue has one long intv'w with a band called Death Piggy, lots of miscellany, and some reviews. An unusual format 8 1/2 x 14" and some interesting insider stuff like how to make a record for beginners. A good read.

NO PLACE TO HIDE
705 Centre St.
Trenton, NJ 08611

A new one from Jersey, small format, mostly hardcore, some scene reports from down South and a story on Philly's YDI. Room to grow. 25¢



RECORDS & T-SHIRTS FLAMIN GROOVES

NEW
IMPORTS
OUT OF PRINT
BUY-SELL-TRADE

29 EASTON AVENUE
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ

201-247-4015

2 BLOCKS UP FROM RT. 27 TRAIN STATION

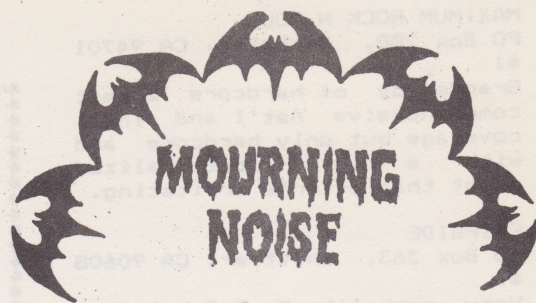
by Brian X. Sommer

MOURNING NOISE, 5-song e.p.
Nightlache Records
1-C Marion Pepe Dr., Lodi, NJ 07644 \$2.50

I first heard of Mourning Noise when they played live on Pat Duncan's WFMU show back in September, 1982. I'm as much impressed with them now as I was back then and I'm glad to have the pleasure of reviewing their debut record.

The ep opens with special effects created by Bobby Steele and Ashley Morance which proceed into "Dawn Of The Dead." Keyboards and leads fill up this song while Mike Mansfield lets his vocals wail. "Fighting Chance" is next and it's about the tough time factory workers have living off their low income. This song really cooks and what gets me mad is that it's too short! When the song's over I'm screaming for more but "Laser Lights" begins. The intro effects are really great - turn up your volume and you'll think your speakers are gonna burst! The song's about a spaceship that shows no mercy and burns everyone on the ground. "Demon Eyes" starts off the B side and from what I can get out of the lyrics, it's about someone who is on the kill. "Addiction" ends the record - this song always makes me go nuts. It's about a woman who is addicted to pills and alcohol. Eerie leads can be heard throughout, while Tommy's guitar pulsates along to the riveting beat. This ep would have been so incredible if the guitar had been mixed louder and Mike's vocals lower.

Mourning Noise put a lot of effort and money into this record, and had some help from Glenn Danzig (who created the great picture sleeve)! support them and get yourself a copy!

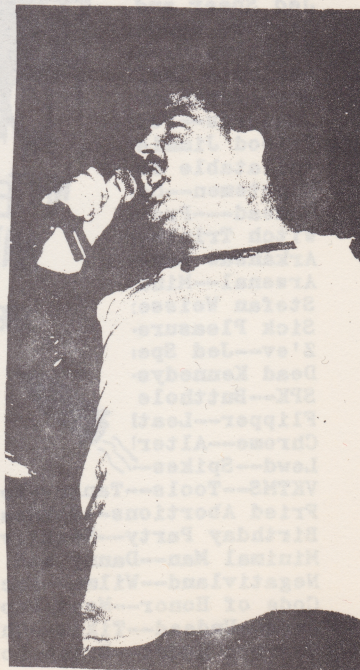


BEDLAM, TOTAL BEDLAM
Buy Our Records, PO Box 363
Vauxhall, NJ 07088 (\$4.50)

(TOTAL) BEDLAM!

Fearlessly offensive and relentlessly tasteless, Bedlam's debut lp slams through 13 thrashcore songs with a noisy, roistering energy. There are nasty poison-pen poptoons about MTV and the army, anorexics and homosexuals, toxic waste dumps and girlfriends. In just a couple of verses, these bonzos accuse an MTV veejay of lesbianism and the Star-Ledger of covering up dioxin scandals. Well...it's their subpoenas, our, uhh, entertainment, I guess.

Musically, there's little going on here that's going to interest anyone beyond the most committed skinhead. The guitars devolve into noise and fuzz on command, the bass grinds through thrashy sludge, the drums bang and rattle like garbage cans in a windstorm. Besides the damaged Elvis cover and two (count 'em) two versions of the Flintstones theme, there are fast songs that explode in two-minute bursts of thrashy cacophony and slow songs that shriek with Flipperesque angst. Frank Greco's on the metallic bass, Scott Frank plays drums, and guitars come from Tommy K and Stephen Grawryluk. That last name is perfect - it's just what his guitar sounds like.



MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL
PO Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701
\$1

Granddaddy of hardcore 'zines: comprehensive nat'l and int'l coverage but only hardcore and with a rigid politicalized slant that often's irritating.

FLIPSIDE
PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608
\$1

Very much like MaxRnR but they tone down the politics and put more emphasis on in-depth features on bands rather than on grassroots (and hence amateurishly written) scene reports.

TRULY NEEDY
PO Box 2271, Rockville, MD 20852 \$1

Everything you'd want to know about what's going on, went on, or will go on in Washington, DC's rockscene. Truly encyclopedic - every issue is like a highschool yearbook of memories about the last few months. They've been publishing quarterly but are trying to come out more often.

DANGEROUS RHYTHMS
c/o Gene Temesey, 439 Rivercrest Dr. Piscataway, NJ 08854 \$.50

#3 has record reviews galore, a piece on NJ's Elixir, and some offbeat live reviews. I liked the writer who panned a hardcore band because they "played fast and didn't have any harmonies."

'ZINES

RIDING THE BLINDS
PO Box 1441, Cambridge, MA 02238 (send stamps)
Ish #3 featured mostly psychedelic bands. Well-written.

CONFLICT
9 Jeffrey Rd., Waylan, MA 01778 \$.75
Gerard Cosloy's wall-to-wall coverage of the Boston scene, but also scads of indie records reviewed. Often nasty and personal, so it's lively and fun to read.

CONNECT
c/o MJ Castriotta
16 Thayer St, Boston, MA 02118 \$.75
Another psychedeliz 'zine, plus stories on some Boston bands like Salem 66 with a Sixties flavor. Open-minded and enthusiastic.

KILLER
c/o Thurston Moore
84 Eldridge St. #5, NYC \$1

Noise-rock, art-rock, call it what you will - anything weird, loud, and dangerous is Killer's turf. Minimalist record reviews and tons of offbeat but engrossing photos. A great read and truly different.

SENSE OF PURPOSE
35 5th Ave. Suite 1611, NYC 10003 \$1
Issue #1 was heavily into nat'l garage-rock scene and this gist will probably continue. Edited (and mostly written) by Dave Sprague, an NYU student.

ASSASSIN OF YOUTH
PO Box 261
Rochelle Park, NJ 07662 (\$1)
They haven't published in a while, but this is Jersey's most thoughtful, insightful hardcore 'zine; lots of good pics too.

WARNING
PO Box 102993
Anchorage, Alaska 99510 (\$1)

TRULY NEEDY
PO Box 2271
Rockville, MD 20852 (\$1)

THE BIG TAKEOVER
c/o Jack Rabin
249 Eldridge St. #14
New York NY 10002 (40¢ + SASE)

Latest cover: 3 O'Clock, Replacements, Smiths...!!! Obviously a shift here from all-hardcore to what editor Jack calls "Music W/Heart". Encyclopedic; pages & pages of reduced print on bands of all persuasions, live reviews, records, you name it. A good, long read.

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL
PO Box 288
Berkeley, CA 94701 (\$1.00)

The granddaddy of hardcore 'zines and still only a buck, issue #12 goes 72 pages: Scene reports from all over, lots of features and reviews, a truly int'l perspective, and almost impossible to read. Lots of proselytizing too

GUILLOTINE
c/o Wendy Eager
37-21 80th St. #6H
Jackson Hts, NY 11372 (\$1)

Good local 'zine on NY hardcore, lots of good pictures and hi-quality repro, interviews & record reviews, #7 goes 24 pp.

Butthole Surfers--Flipper--Terveet Kadet--Society Dog--Minimal Man--Bruce Los
No Alternative--Fried Abortions--Animal Things--Code of Honor--Tools--Z'ev--J
Negative Trend--Arkansaw Man--Sick Pleasure--Leather Nun--Dead Kennedys--Chro
Pre Fix--Uns--Nervous Gender--SPK--Minutemen--Nig Heist--Tanks--Naked City--
Meat Puppets--Arsenal--Witch Trials--Appendix--Pope Paul Pot--Breakouts--Spik
Bay of Pigs--VKTMS--Undead--Birthday Party--Ultrasheen--Factrix--Alterboys--
Inflatable Boy Clams--Longshoremen--Woundz--Wilma--Sport of Kings--Stefan Wei
Bastards--Kaaos--Oil Tasters--Ono--Tommy Tadlock--Micon--Research Library--Ti
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Negativland--Wilma--Factrix--Butthole Surfers--Dead Kennedys--Society Dog--S
Code of Honor--Meat Puppets--Animal Things--Ono--Longshoremen--Woundz--Arsen
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the Disturbed

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-J.T.

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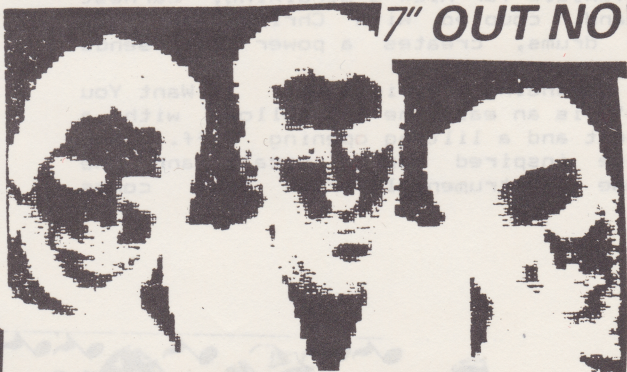
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A.O.D. L.P.

by Jeryl Ann Bender

As anyone with any taste knows, "to see Mod Fun is to love them." However, as with most of their new cassette, "A Release for the Mates" (and their 1983 "If You Are New"), to hear them without seeing them is to say, "What's all the fuss?" It's important to note, however, that the band's live energy and, yes, abundant musical talent have yet to be adequately captured on tape solely due to low budget and inexperienced production - and that's really not their fault.

A nifty trio, Mod Fun is Mick London (vocals, guitar) of the adorable coif, intense brooding demeanor, and panicky Welleresque vocals; the rhythmic, always-up-for-dancing, owner of spiffy sport coats Bobby Strete (bass); and hi-velocity, hard-working, hands flying Chris Collins (drums), who, in the heat of it all, usually strips down to his Keith Moon target t-shirt, but has an impeccable pre-show wardrobe.

An exception to the poor production is the well-mixed opener here, "I Am With You." This rather new song is symbolic of Mod Fun's phenomenal growth and polishing over the last year or so. Its fab lyrics ("I've got a Rickenbacker, baby now/that's the way it should be/I'm gonna sit right down and play it now/won't you listen to me?"), twisting 'n driving guitar, and overall sound (vintage "Stepping Stone") are proof of the band's passage from juvenile curiosity to a slick, talented stage trio that forces even the most jaded non-fan to get off their barstools and groove to the dancefloor for a closer look and listen.

Back off the bass and give "Best Years of our Lives" a listen. It's a nasty little dancer echoing most teens' innermost thoughts. The driving "We're What We're Living For" is above all a great one to dance to - on the dancefloor or around yr living room. It's a perfect vehicle for Mick's straining, earnest vocals and, coupled with Chris' jarringly exciting drums, creates a power that sends shivers up your spine.

Not demanding a lyric sheet, "I Want You To Know" is an easy one to follow, with a peppy beat and a lilting opening riff. And dig those inspired backup vocals and the Beatlesque instrumental break that comes mid-song.



Photo: T. L. Richmond, VA

THE NOT 6-song EP
PO Box 288, Cambridge, MA 02238
(\$5)

Maybe their name means they're not hardcore, but this 6-song platter packs plenty of power-punk punch per song. Reminiscent of some of the hi-energy DC punk bands (Scream, Black Market Baby), the Not's zippy guitars and locomotive beat keep it cranked up on all 6 of these primo cuts. They plan to tour this Spring; keep an eye out for them in these parts.

- J.T.

YOUNG TURKS

by Bruce Gallanter

"Dullsville"/"Lola In Slacks"
Young Turks/Unstoppable Records
PO Box 26 New Brunswick NJ (\$2.50)

The sad irony of this single is that the band will be breaking up at the end of June as Billy Snow and Millicent Kittay move to England. Look for a few farewell gigs this month and next. Now to the 45:

"Dullsville" - Softly sailing in, haunting and caressing our senses. Billy's unusually distinct enunciation is not unlike Tom Verlaine's fractured glass grip. There's an Eastern feel, with the tinkling of marimba. Swimming in the cool colors, creating mild tension like a sad and distant dream, the words "feeling" and "darkness" are repeated like the chanting of monks. You too may be sucked in: "Will it pass or is it time to leave...Dullsville?"

"Lola In Slacks" - This is really it! Not since Airplane at their height, or L.A.'s Love, have we seen the like. The Turks have swelled in size and sound since their last 45 (this is the 4th) with the addition of vocalist Millicent, whose powerful voice is a sweet contrast to Billy's. Yet it all fits perfectly, one complete force. The layers of floating synths and Billy's steaming guitar and voice explode/climax together, an incredible release.

FREAK OUT!

CYBERNETIC DREAMS OF PI
Slickee Boys/Twintone Records
445 Oliver Ave. So, Minneapolis MI
55405 (\$8)

The Slickee Boys' unabashed passion for everything that's trashy, silly, cheap, and loveable about '60's garage music has made them one of Amerocka's most consistently entertaining (and persistently unhip) working bands for close to a decade. The trend's finally caught up with Kim Kane and his merry band of D.C. loonies and they've celebrated with their first real lp (after untold singles, 45's, compilation cuts, and a German collection of their earlier work).

PI has all the Slickee hallmarks: these guys want to be the Fleshtones when they grow up but their true genius lies in the sort of cheeseball flakiness of Blotto or Weird Al Yankovic. Best cuts here include "Invisible People" with its killer fuzztone riff, the surfy "When I Go To The Beach," the super-garagey "Escalator 66," and (long a live Slickees staple) an inspired cover of "Pictures of Matchstick Men." The "serious" songs here devolve into bland power-pop; normalcy has never been this band's forte. But the goofy stuff is top-notch American rock n roll, straight from their hearts and beady little minds.

FUTURE, Velvet Monkeys
Fountain of Youth Records (\$6)

It seems like another band jumps on the 'psychedelic' bandwagon every day, and most of them stink of retro the way a tunafish sandwich will after a week. So it's nice to see a band that draws inspiration from 60's garbageology escape the shackles of the paisley time machine and turn out an album as fresh, original, and exciting as the Velvet Monkey's Future.

This D.C. quartet is on to something great; the Velvet Underground meets the Monkeys, a wall of noise you want to sing along with. Don Fleming is the songwriter; he also possesses a distinctive voice and the noisiest damn guitar this side of Bob Quine and Metal Machine Music. (At Maxwells last year, he played an entire set on a guitar with 5 strings - could that have something to do with it?)

The V-Monks are at their best when they're playing their hardest: "Everything Is Right," "Any Day Now," and "Heat of the Night" are powerful, catchy tunes guaranteed to start your head spinning. "World Of...", previously released on Bona Fide's Irish To Disaster psych-compilation lp, boasts a killer synth hook. I suppose Elain Barne's synth is the link to the future here, though there's no mistaking these guys for Duran Duran. Add all this and the best theme song since the Banana Splits' and you have an lp sure to spend a lot of time on your turntable.

- Jim DeRogatis

"Why Aren't You There?"/"Yeah!"

The Stepford Husbands/Cryptovision
411 East 9th Street, New York City 10003

Baroque revisionist garageism, with a psyched-out A-side that updates the basic fuzztone and farfisa grungerock formula with hip lyrics about phone machines and such. The B-side is an instrumental called "Yeah!" That says it.

- J.T.

Garage-Rock Psych-Punks

pop world

Beauty 'n' the Beat

by Patty K



Greetings, fellow pop fans, let's get right down to these records staring me in the face, beginning with...

The Trypes, The Explorers Hold, Coyote Records (PO Box 112 Uptown, Hoboken, NJ 07030, \$4).

Hooray for the Trypes, hooray to Coyote for putting out this ep. 'Twas love at first spin. Should I tell you who's responsible for this prime stuff or get right to the songs? The Trypes are - as I'm sure you know - second cousins to the fabulous Feelies; the lineup consists of Marc Francia, Toni Paruta, Brenda Sauter, John Baumgartner, and the Feelies connection: Glenn Mercer, Stan Demeski, and Bill Million. The songs sound like a million bucks. Each one begins and ends softly and builds to a royal crescendo. They are sometimes Eastern-flavored, sometimes jazz-flavored, but always intriguing.

"(From The) Morning Glories" is so beautifully hypnotic, it makes me cry almost every time I hear it. The combination of the woodwinds, guitars, organ, and percussion with Brenda and Toni's vocals is stunning. The only unoriginal, George Harrison's "Love You To," gurgles and howls into life, showcasing Mercer's guitar (which, played with his e-bow, sounds like a sitar).

Starting with a lone organ, followed by acoustic guitar, the Enoesque "Music For Neighbors" builds into a remarkable instrumental. Finally, "The Undertow" ends the ep on a hypnotic but danceable note.

The Trypes at times remind me of such groups as It's A Beautiful Day and Free Designs, with their airy feeling; progressive bands that radio no longer touches. It's a shame NY doesn't have a station to play stuff like this. But, then again, it may not be for the masses like Duran 2. This is music to be proud of.

The rest:

Dick Tracey - 3-song single, DT Records, 7900 W. Chester Pike, Upper Darby, PA 19082.

Moving back to Pennsylvania and a band that calls itself Dick Tracey. Usually presskits only serve to line my kitty box but DT's is so colorful that I found out that they've opened for Marshall Crenshaw and Modern English, and don't wear 2-way wrist radios. I wonder if they're as good live as on this platter. "Moving To The Beat" sounds sort of like another Beat I once moved to (Paul Collins'); a fast-paced pop song that moves around. George Karras writes neat songs and sings 'em with conviction. However, the skinny ties are gonna have to go. The other songs are strong but not as good as the first cut. I wonder what Mitch Easter could do with Dick Tracey...

The Last Convertible - "Ooh Baby"/"No Threat" Antyk Productions, PO Box 3, Middlebush, NJ 08873 \$2.

Middlebush, NJ? That's a new one. Side A is an enjoyable Chrissie & the Pretenders-type rocker with strong vocals by Larysa. Those upfront vocals do much to prevent "Ooh Baby" from catching arena rock-itis. "No Threat" tries hard to be X, but Jackie Shepard (good in his own right) is no Billy Zoom.

Mike Roman - "Marion Junior Librarian"/"Love Go To Pieces" Fine Art Records, 1005 S. Wood Ave., Linden, NJ 07036 (\$2).

This little disc is a fine display of thorough pop fun. It grows on me every time I play it, which is not to say I didn't like it the first time! Take a romp with Mike Roman (a group, not a person) thru his unrequited love in the library. But...are these guys as cute as Sgt. Blotto? The flip shows a more serious side. Definitely worth the \$2 it'll set you back.

Demo mania:

The Last Roundup, 4-song demo.

This NYC country/western band cut these 4 numbers with dB Will Rigby last September, and since then they just keep getting better. Each of the songs here showcase a different aspect of c/w. A cover of Johnny Cash's "Cry Cry Cry" is rockabilly without apology to the '50's. All primitive guitars and bass. Real gone, daddy, gone. Weeping steel guitars permeate "Lulla-bye," a gentle love song with Carter Family harmonies. "River of Red" uses lots of banjo and fiddle to tell its story of murder and revenge. Rounding out the quartet of tunes comes "Satisfaction," my favorite, a honky tonk love song. Singer Angel Dean's vocals are accented perfectly on these songs. Angel, from Knoxville, Tennessee, has a voice like a freight train; it can howl with a full head of steam or be as soft and seductive as a whisper. If all country music were as good as this, I'd be a cowboy's sweetheart for sure.

And last but not least, thanks to all the folks who made my stay in Boston so pleasant. Yes, the REM/Husker Du shows were marvelous. I mean, who else would I travel that far to see? Duran Duran? Hahaha!

Keep those letters, tapes, and postcards coming (I love fan mail!).

Goodbye, Marvin Gaye.


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LETTERS: A TRYFLING AFFAIR

Dear Jim -

I just got the new Jersey Beat and was really infuriated on your thoughts on the Tryflies. I thought you supported the psychedelic/garage movement but "a regressive clique of '60's nuts"? That's just plain stupid and idiotic. You seem to think bands like the Cheepskates and Secret Syde are more important. That's like supporting rockabilly and saying the Stray Cats and Rockcats are great. They, like these other "psychedelic" groups, take the most easily recognizable symbols of a genre and the people like them, who don't know any better, dig their disrespect and exploitation of a pure, authentic sound & image. I thought you knew better, Jim! Sure, the Tryflies are raw but just as raw and amateurish as Mod Fun, for example. I don't dig the mod revivalists, just a bunch of kids who listen to Jam lps and watch Quadrophonia and think they know what "mod" is! The same with hardcore - just watered down Sex Pistols rehashes and totally pretentious and phoney clothes and attitudes - yeah, they really give a fuck about politics - HA! Yet you don't complain about these movements. Most of our "revisionist" movement has more dedication and love for their music, having, like myself, been into it for almost 10 years when no one but Bomp would write about it. So now the fuckin' BULLSHIT new music press like yourself writes about the safer groups and is fearful of people so dedicated - puts down those who've devoted their lives to this stuff. That's too square of you, Jim. You probably put down the Sex Pistols in '77 and thought you were cool for liking Blondie, I bet! Anyway, we don't need the new music press and people to try to be part of our scene as it grows without being stopped. All the major NY garage bands (Cheepskates are a joke!) will have records this year & gather more fans & believers. 3 new "Battle of the Garages" will be out as well as lps by the Chesterfield Kings and the Pandoras, so there's no stopping it. Be square and put it down, Jim, this is the NEW sound & scene. The Bongos and Feelies and Mitch Easter are dull crap that should be on MTV by '85. So listen to these "psychedelic" bands & pretend you know what's going on. You'll fool some people but not everyone. Bomp is coming back as a major publication so it's over for this new music phonyism! Get off my cloud! BYE!

Ron Rimsite
99th Floor

Dear Ron,

Your letter makes it absolutely clear I was wrong. I don't know how I ever could have thought that the NY garage-rock scene was cliquish, narrow-minded, or reactionary.

Jim Testa

Dear Editor,

Just who is this guy Rimsite, anyway, and when was the last time he ventured out the front door? Funny thing, it was just his way of thinking that turned AOR radio into the sorry excuse for an entertainment medium it is today - narrow-minded, ass-backwards elitism...

I wonder if Ron has ever heard of 'music for the fun of it'? Obviously not, if he termed Mitch Easter et. al. as "...dull crap that should be on MTV by 1985." Heyyy Ronny! Check your buddy's MTV channel (I'm sure you're too cool to subscribe to 'that shit' yourself) - Mitch Easter's latest venture has had a video in rotation since October. (As do the Bongos and REM - Ed.) So stick that in your ersatz pipe and smoke it. I say, if you wanna be a crusader, go join the army - they're looking for a few good men.

Michele McLelland
WSSR - Stockton State
Radio

Dear Editor,

In response to Ron Rimsite's letter, I very much agree with you. His attitude is unhealthy in any scene at all - especially concerning music. Part of what attracted me to Jersey Beat in the first place was its objective reviews of both shows and records. Nobody is great all the time but speaking as an elder (and boy am I getting old...) the way I view it is... I lived through the '60's and '70's and grew up with many bands. That was then and this is now. Change is healthy & no matter how much I loved it I don't want to see it repeated. Keep up the good work. Change the future -

Joan McNulty
Harmony In My Head
Boston, MA

Dear Editor,

I'd just like to tell Ron Rimsite that the passion, the attitude, the opinion, the belief, the pretention, the adverb, the adjective, the climax, the objection, the criticism, the prejudice in his letter smelled odd and deep to the grit with bad negative energy...

I think that not only Ron, but many others, the majority of music people who live life by the law of a certain genre as religion, might benefit enormously if they stop and reconsider what actually surrounds them. It is a shame that such a gigantic world with so much variety can't be savored for all it is worth.

Jack Wild

Mod Fun

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Live: Hose

by Todd Hess

HOSE/YDI

City Gardens, Trenton NJ

Opening for Husker Du at Trenton's City Gardens, Hose presented quite the visual spectacle. The band's enormous lead singer almost dwarfed the stage, and the slashing strokes of the drummer were quite inspiring. Aurally, the presentation was no less imposing: Hose is extremely noisy with a scrambled sound falling into that uncertain zone between heavy metal and hardcore. The drummer, a woman, was excellent, able to impose enough form on the mayhem to carry Hose above the present glut of noise bands. The rest of the group played quite well too. Disappointingly, the band quit after about 20 minutes.

An area hardcore band opened the show: YDI from Philadelphia. They were fairly awful. The songs were uniformly fast and loud with shouted lyrics. The band has a couple of unspectacular songs on the Philly hardcore compilation, *Get Off Our Back*.

Todd Hess is a deejay on WPRB-FM, Princeton University, and as a philosophy major often ponders the sound of one punk slamming.



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